BOTH ARE NOW NULL

Fred H. Leonard's Marriage and Adoption of a Child Void.

END OF A FAMOUS CASE

Mrs. Rice Will Receive \$65 a Month ring Her Life-Attorneys for Fred Will Be Paid.

Judge Adeit yesterday issued two do erom declaring the marriage between Fro. I. I. Leonard and Mary E. Rice null and void and also annulling the adoption of Shoridan M. Kaight by the couple. The circumstances of the marriage, which took place in Windsor, Outario. April 2, 1852, and the adoption of the infant in Detroit, October 20, 1852, are too well known to require repetition. Both decrees are based on Fred H. Leonard's insanity at the time the marriage and adoption were accomplished. No provision for the maintenance of the adopted child is made in the decree, but by its provisions Mrs. Mary E. Rice-Leonard is well cared for. The decree grants her application for Mary 2. Rice Leonard is well expect to.

The decree grants her application for
permanent alimony, this action being
taken with the consent of complainant's
molicitors. She is to receive too a month
during her lifetime, payable at the office
of the Michigan Trust Company. Mrs.
Rice is also given the use Rice is also given the use of all the furniture and house-held goods in her residence on Shawaut avenue, and any balance due the Winegar Furniture company is to be paid out of Fred H. Leonard's centre. The sum of \$1,700 is also decreed Fred H. Leonard's lawyers, to be paid within tan days, in lieu of all other costs and charges in the case. The decree also creates a hien on Fred H. Leonard's real estate in the city, lots 1 and 2 on Spring street, as security for the monthly paystreet, as security for the monthly pay-ment of the \$55 to this price, and an in-surance of not less than \$12,000 is de-creed to be placed on H. Leonard Sons & Co.'s wholesale establishment now situated on those lots. This entry probably ends the litigation in the Leon-ard case, with the exception of N. P. Allen, whose claim is understood not to be allowed.

Alvin B. Moscley's Estate.

Charlotte H. Moseley, widow of the late Alvia B. Moseley, yesterday petitioned the probate court to be appointed administrator of her husband's estate. Hearing was set for January 22. The estate is estimated at \$10,000. The deceased died intestate. Besides the widow, the heirs are Edward E. Timothy H. and Emma M. Moseley.

A motion was made in the superior court yesterday for a new trial in the case of Donato Ezzo, charged with rape by his step-daughter. Ezzo was sentenced to twenty years in Jackson in the superior court several mouths ago. The motion was argued and submitted.

Minor Court Notes

Sentence was suspended yesterday in police court against Issac Faltsma and John Boorksma, charged with stealing wood in Greenwood cemetery. It is not probable that any proceeding under the state law will be begun.

Addie E. Ellicott. grand-daughter of the late Robert I. Shoemaker, has peti-tioned the probate court to be appointed administrator other grand-fathers estate in place of Joseph K. Ellicott, who de-clines the trust.

Ed Troy, who was granted a new tria! by the supreme court, will be tried next Thursday. Troy was convicted some-time ago for deadly assault on Officer Tatroe on August 9, 1892.

Joseph Houseman, guardian of Helen May, insuns, certified to the probate court yesterday that 85,29344 of the latter's estate had pussed through his hands during the year.

Spencer Rich of Onkfield was yesterday ordered sent to Kalamazoo at the expense of Kent county as an indigent

Circuit Court. Jenor Grove-John W. P. Hol-

be, admitted to citizenship. Junus Austr Fred H. Leonard, by Lewis H. Withey, guardian, etc., va. Mary E. Elice, annuliment of marriage; proof taken in open court; decree granted. Fred H. Loonard, by his guar-dian, vs. Houry H. Knight and Sheridan M. Knight chancery; decree granted.

Superior Court.

Jones Bunctsoaux-The People va. Donato Ezzo, rape; motion for a new trial argued and submitted.

Probate Court.

Junea Pragues-Estate John W. Barlow, deceased; order admitting will to probate. Estate Thomas Builtment, deprobate. Estate Thomas Builiment, deceased; executor's first account filed. Estate Alvin B. Mosely, deceased; January 22 assigned for appointing administrator. In the matter of Stephen Rich, pamper, insune; order for admission to asylum. Estate Holen May, insune; guardian's annual account filed. Estate Holert I. Shoemaker, deceased; refusal of executor to accept trust filed; January 20 a signed for appointing administrator with will annexed. Estate John McCarthy, deceased, order closing estate against claims. Estate Margaret Walsh, deceased, order granting license to mortgage real estate.

Fulley Court.

Jopon Haccoury-lang Palters and John Boorksma, violation of cemetery ordinance; sentence suspended, Anna Perry, largesty, adjourned December 30. Leonard, Greece, largesty; adjourned December 33.

Buriat Permits.

James Boyd, Planton house, Green-wood; Jacob Kepp, Helding, Mt Cal-wary; A. T. Hickford, No. 250 Seventh avenue, Valley City; Mary Willmoth, No. 212 South Division, New York; S. D. Reewe, No. 185 Buckeye, Wayne county; Charles E. Harper, No. 164 Case avenue, Valley City; Jan Van Dyk, No. 227 Leath street, Greenwood.

Contagious Piscassa,

Robert T. Tylor, No. 225 Central avenues, measing John, Edith and Cornelius Fargentery, No. 26 Goodrich street, measing Fritz Schatz, No. 382 Fourth street, diphtheria: Ira Allyn, No. 45 Cole street, typhoid favor.

Rent Estate Transfers.

usin A Morris to Musy and Cor-cells W. Sevier, a 25 et les 28 and #20 it les 20, big 2, Morris' and ... "der Hartman and sele to Fried-rica Land. pt are 'n neig us is see It. Wrom my...

James O Connuc and wife to Michael Hogan, as 'n se is see 27 Grattan.

Marriage Litterane.
The following is a list of the marriage common issued since last publication, with a names presidences (when out of the city) and ages of the names:

Age larm: Van Stedum, Chicago, to Zeanstie Bolt, city
lands L. Chambers, Alpine, to Minn
E. Binnehard. 15-16

E. Sinnehard 18—16 shg MuLaughim, city, to Jenn's Sperrill, city 38—33

CALLING HIM DOWN.

e of a Positive Man and How He Was

Well down toward the front end of the smeking car sat four or five men, and one of them was a man of gab. Not only that, but he was a positive man-as aggressive man—a decided man. He was free with his opinions and beliefs, and one listening to him got the idea that he was the sort of man who believed he was dead right and was willing to put up his cash in defense of his opinon. Opposite me sat a drummer for a Cincitenati house, and as I saw him look-ing over the top of his paper and appar-ently trying to size the man up I ob-

"Don't you like to meet with a positive -"Positive!" he blurted out, "I can

"Positive!" he biurted out. "I can make him take water in five minutes."

"Well, I don't know about that!"

"Then I'll show you. Lend me your handkerchief, please. Now, if you will trust me, let me take what small bills you have."

He took his handkerchief and mine and made a "wad." Around it he wrapped about 440 in greenbacks, making a roll

about \$40 in greenbacks, making a roll of boodle which he could hardly put into his pocket. Then he notided to me and we went forward and, after a minute he said to the man of gab:

"I have a little wager with my friend here. How many times did Abraham Lincoln serve as president?"
"Two, of course," was the reply.

"Are you positive?"
"Certainly I am."

"Didn't he serve three?" "No, sir. What's the matter with

"The matter is I think he served three terms, and I am willing to bet on it. says he only served two terms?"
"How much? Way, man, I'll bet you

a hundred to one." "Put'er right up!" says the drummer as he pulled out his roll. "I don't want no such odds as that; just say two or three to one."

"I don't want to rob you," replied the man of gab, with his hand in his pocket. "Put 'er up! Here's \$1,000 to \$2,000

"Put'er up! Here's \$1,000 to \$2,000 that says you're dead wrong!"

"Pil—Pil take you even for \$500."

"Put'er up! Money talks!" howled the drumner. "I say three terms, and here's the long green."

"Why, man, we all know that"—

"We don't either! You say two terms, and I say three. I offered you even money, but I'll do better. Here's \$1,000

money, but I'll do better. Here's \$1,000 to \$500. Select your own stakeholder." "It doesn't seem as if I could be m

taken," mused the positive man.
"Put up, I say!" shouted the drummer as he waved his boodle in the air. "I'll go you \$1,000 to \$500 that he served three

"Well, it may be possible, of course, but I'm so sure of it that"—

"Then put up! Here's \$1,000 to \$200."
"I guess I won't bet. We are all hable to be mistaken, you know, and perhaps It was three terms."

The drummer and I walked back and sat down and lighted fresh cigars, and as he returned me my property he said:
"You see, you don't want to size a

man up too quickly. There are positive men and there are men of gab. There are aggressive men and there are men ef When you can't tell the difference, try my way. When you shake a big roll at a man, one of two things will happen. If he's a positive man, down on legs, he'll crawfish. I could have binffed that chap over a stone wall with a \$10 bill."-Detroit Free Press.

JUST HIS LUCK.

Re Wrote Her All Right, but There Was One Too Many. A pretty woman and a fine looking man were seated together in the Central station the other afternoon. He was going away and she had come down to see him off. The doorman called his train

and he rose to go.
"Now, Jim," she said, "you will be sure to write to me the minute you get there, won't you?" "Certainly," said Jim.

"Be sure, now," she said again as he was about to pass out into the train shed. "I shall be so anxious until I hear that you got there safe."

At the end of three days Jim returned home. He went to the store and left his grip, and then he went home. His wife met him at the door. "Hellof" said Jim.

he said nothing.

"What's the matter?" inquired Jim His wife glared at him. "I thought you were going to write to me when you got to Detroit?

'Why,' Jim replied, "I did write to you. I sent you a nice long message on a postal card. Didn't you get it?"

"Nice long message, was it?"
"Certainly, I wrote you just a little
while after I got there. Didn't any "Oh, yes," and there was a dangerous

litter in the wife's eyes, "I got the posal card all right." Jim fels relieved. "Then what are you kinking about?" he asked

His wife took a card out of her pocket and held it toward bim, address aids out.

"Was this the card?" also asked, Jim looked at the writing. It was a

little strangly for him, but he recognized it. "Yes," he asserted, "that's the card." "What did you say?" inquired his wife,

Ptill clutching the postal card.

Jim settled back in his chair and thought hard. "I said I had arrived all right," he finally began, "and that I had not some of the boys and was having a good time, and that I was coming home today and that you should take good time, and that you should take good care of yourself and the habite."

"Shaid all that, did you?" asked his wife in a cold, hard voice.

"Certainly I did. You've got the eard and one read it there, can't you?"

She looked hard at the luck of the card. "I don't me anything like that the winter in a tight, sir," he replied, looked ing at the wespen to see if he had brought to say it is wespen to see if he had brought goon anything lenides the eching replied. good time, and that I was coming home reday and that you should take good care of yourself and the habites."
"Said all that, did you?" saked his wife

"Quit your joking with me," said Jim, who was beginning to get a bit anxious, "and let menos that card." He grabbed it out of his wife's hand and turned it

There wasn't a word of writing on the

back of it?

"New, there's a sample of hard luck," and Jun, when he was telling about it. "I went up to Detroit and behaved myself. I was quiet as a denoon all the time I was there. I didn't drink a thing, and yet it will take the greatest game of talk you ever heard to make that little woman think I didn't and wrote the address on the front of that card and forget to write anything on the back of it."

"Well, did you write anything on the back of it!"

"Well, did you write anything on the back of it!"

"Well, did you write anything on the back of it!" asked a friend.

"Certainly I did. I wrote on a card, but I had two of them in my pocket and they stuck together. The address was on one and the note on the other. The one with the address came through all right, of coume, but the note is floating around somewhere between here and the dead letter office and I get the worst of it at home and all because two of those dog gasted postal cards stuck together. If that ain't a hoodoo game, I don't want a cent."—Buffalo Express.

HE WOULDN'T GET UP.

Er. Comfort Gives the Bargiar Enough
Rope, and He Hangs Himself.

"Silas!" whispered Mrs. Comfort to me
the other night asshedug bur elbow into
my ribs, "are you awake?"

"I wasn't a minute ago, but as you
have succeeded in arousing me what is

it you wish to observe?"
"Just listen to that noise!" "I hear it."

"But what is it?" "Without having investigated the sub-ject. I should say the noise was caused by a rat knawing at the woodwork under the lavatory. Should I get out of bed and go prying about, I might find that it was Smith's goat mousing around the garbage can in the back yard. In either case we have nothing to do with

it. If a rat, he will graw his way through to find that he is worse off than before. If it is the goat, he will probably get clicked to death on fishbo "Are you going to get up, Mr. Com-

"Certainly not."

And she rot only did, but raised the window and saw a man in the back yard and came back to bed to whisper to me. "Silas, do you want to be murdered in

"Why, it might as well be in bed as on the stairs, down cellar or on the front

"But aren't you going to scare the

man away?"
"No, dear. In the first place, he may not be one of the scary kind, and in the next his object in coming into the yard was probably to steal that old harness hanging on the fence. Let him have it. hanging on the fence. Let him have it. It may not only encourage him to steal a horse and buggy to go with it, but will save me from dragging the old rubbish out into the alley. Come to bed, Mrs. Comfort. If the man discovers that he is being watched, he may walk off with the snow shovel instead of the

Mrs. Comfort growled and kicked and called me coldblooded, and declared that I wanted to get her murdered, and for five long hours she did not shut her eyes in sleep. The man not only took the old harness, but at once felt that he must steal a horse to match it. In stealing the horse he was caught, and got five years in prison, and thus another bad man was removed from society.

"Didn't Itell you?" says I to Mrs. Com-fort when I heard the news, but she looked at me with a freezing expression and wouldn't say a word. - Detroit Free

What He Had.

The New York youth was doing the west, and the first night he pulled up in a rough town and stopped at a rougher tavern, with a retired cowboy for a waiter. At the supper table the easterner was quite elaborate.
"Bring me," he suid to the waiter, "a

rare steak with mushrooms. "Ain't got it," replied the waiter

promptly.
"Well, bring me a muttonchop done "Ain't got it," came back the first an-

The easterner showed his annoyance. "Bring me a broiled chicken on toast,"

he said, severely.
"Ain't got it." came the same old an-"Indeed?" very ironically. "Suppose you bring me a bit of boiled ham."

"Ain't got it," said the cowboy. "You haven't?" and this time the New Yorker was reckless. "Well, what in

thunder have you got?" "Got a notion to punch you one in the jaw fer bein a dude," replied the waiter in the same tone as before. "Have a sing of salt pork and a skinned pertater."

And the easterner took that.—Exchange.

His Bad Luck. It was a sharp, sunshiny October mora-ing as I rode along the back of Pine mountain where it overlooks Virginia and Kentucky, and I was thinking about she leveliness of nature and cognate sub-

jects when I came upon a mountaineer with a gun in his lap, sitting on a log where two or three mountain paths con-"Good morning," I said breezily, for I

felt good.

"Mornin," he responded.
"Beantiful morning?" said L
"I hain't noticed," said he. "Been hunting, I see," said I, nodding toward the gan.

"Yes-some," said be.
"You haven't had very good luck, I should judge? "I haven't had none," said he surlily. "What's the matter?"

"Derned of I know," he said, getting ap and taking a look around. "I've been waitin here on this log sence can up for that leather faced Jim Mullins, an I heren't get a crack at him yit." And he tried the hammer of his gun, gozed off down the path from which James might come, and with a hasty good morning I trotted along down another road. Detroit Free Press.

ALL

Street. "That's all right. But I don't want may of your jaw, you know."- Chicago Tribus-

Lawyer—Well, my young friend, your Uncie Josh determined that you should be a farmer or get nothing from him. He did not leave you a cent of money, but he willed you his plow, cultivator, mowing machine, threshor, portable sawmill, stone crusher, road scraper and ump puller, Young Scribbler—All right, I'll sell

Lawyer—He has provided against that. You cannot sell or even rent them. You must use them yourself.
Young Scribbler—Very well. I will.
Lawyer—On the old farm?
Young Scribbler—No. I'll write a play and use them on the stage.—New York Weekly.

Nothing to Brag About. "Papa, did you ever me a king?" "Yes, my son."
"Oh, did you, honestly? A realking?"

"My, how did you feel when you saw in! What did you do! Anything?" "I didn't do enything, my son-the other man had aces."-Boston Globe.

A Dosporeus Man. Eumorist's Wife-You must not trouble your pa just now, dear. In his present mood he is not to be trified with. Humorist's Child—What is he doing.

Humorist's Wife-He is writing things to make people laugh. - Tit-Bits.

The Medern Mother Has found that her little ones are im-Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative. Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true regardy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

The cook's favorite-Lily WHITE.

Santa Claus will be at Leonard's all this week. Every child will receive a

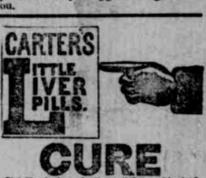
Ask for LILY WHITE flour.

Grand Rapids Savings Bank-Semi-Annusl Dividend No. 41. The directors of this bank bave de

clared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent, payable on and after Friday, January 5, 1894. F. A. HALL, Cashier.

Do you use Lily WHITE flour?

A Surgical Operation. For the cure of Pfles is always poinful, often changerous and useless, and invariably expensive; on the other hand there is a new, certain cure, perfectly palaless, gives instant relief and permanent cure and costs but a trifle. It is the Pyramid Pile Cure. It is a more certain cure than a surgical operation, without any of the intense pain, expense and danger of an operation. Any druggist will get it for you.



SICK Headache, yet Carren's Letter Liver Puls are equally valuable in Consupation, curing and preventing this amoving complaint, while they also errors all discreters of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreebing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, hendsches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approvak of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidnevs, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale oy all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



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Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused PILES that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if BURNS it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug BRU!SES SORE -the doctor will tell you what-but first EYE8 SPRAIRS rub thoroughly the part afflicted with WOUNDS POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will cer- THROAT **SORES** tainly be much relieved. Now that you Headache Catarrh have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for AND any of the many things its buff wrapper

mentions. It's a wonderful curative.

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